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A
L E T T E R

T O

Miss NOSSITER.

Occasioned by

Her first APPEARANCE on the STAGE:

In which is contained

R E M A R K S

Upon her

MANNER of PLAYING

The CHARACTER of

J U L I E T;

Interspersed with some other

THEATRICAL OBSERVATIONS.

L O N D O N:

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LETTER

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A
L E T T E R
T O
Miss NOSSITER.

MADAM,



O U must not be surprized to find yourself addressed in Public, by an unknown Hand. This Privilege, which every one may now claim, is one of the Inconveniences attending that Station of Life, into which you have so boldly adventured. But perhaps you will be less alarmed, tho' not less surprized, when I tell you, that I am an old Fellow, who unhappily had formed my Taste for critical Affairs, at a Time, when the greatest Set of Men, who perhaps ever adorned any Age, were alive and flourished in this Nation.

B

From

From some Prejudices (as I have heard them called) contracted in my Youth, I have been thought very particular, nay, by some, very obstinate, in my Opinion of our theatrical Performances. I cou'd never bear some of the most applauded Players of these Times. It was in vain I argued, that a cold, dead Sameness of Action, a tedious Monotony of Voice, tho' ever so melodious, were opposite to Nature, and therefore wrong, or, at best, insipid. In spite of all I could offer, *Whining*, attended with a continual, unvaried Swinging of the Head, passed for Love, or Grief, as the Occasion required; *Bawling*, for Distraction or Rage; and little Jerks of the Body and Hands, like the Motions of a Clock-work Machine, were mistaken for Ease, for Grace, and Dignity of Gesture. In short, I forfeited all Reputation for Judgment among my Acquaintance, and passed for an old, queer Fellow, that having lost my Relish for the Enjoyments of the present Age, was continually, in Opposition to them, extolling the Performances of former Times. I was forced to acquiesce and retire in Silence. The new Method had prevailed; and every young Proficient, especially of your Sex, set forward in that Path. And indeed the great Error, to which we may ascribe most of the Miscarriages upon the Stage, is, that our young Players, instead of copying boldly after Nature, fall to mi-

micking one another, and consequently degenerate ; every Remove from Nature growing more and more insipid, or absurd. But, as none cou'd ever succeed in the Stile, I have been describing, save the original Inventor, it was to me, a kind of Proof, that the Manner must be wrong ; and that nothing, but the long Possession of the Opinion and Favour of the Town, cou'd support, even one Performer of that Stamp, in any Degree of Reputation. Add to this the fortunate Circumstance of having nothing tolerable appearing against her for many Years, to form any Degree of Competition ; whence it came to pass that the young People of the present Age, judging only by Comparison, thought that the best they had seen, was certainly the best that cou'd be ; and were therefore ready to pronounce, that their present Favourite, not only excelled all who went before, but cou'd never be equalled by any that shou'd come after.

A Tenaciousness of my old Opinion, and the Hopes of one Day seeing something to confirm it, has led me for some Years past to the first Appearance of every new Performer, that has attempted upon our Stage. I think, I have at length discovered, what I have been so long in quest of ; and I cannot let slip this Opportunity of endeavouring to convince some young Men, whose Judgments, in other Things, surpass their Years,

that want of Merit in the Performers, and not a Deficiency of Taste or Appetite in me, was the genuine Cause of my Disapprobation.

And here, that I may not offend your Delicacy, I shall conclude my Address to you. What I have more to say shall be directed to the Public, whom I intend to cheat into an Attention, by taking Advantage of the Curiosity they will naturally have of seeing what can be said to you, so soon after your first Appearance. Shou'd I write immediately to themselves, perhaps, not a tenth of those who now will read, at least, thus far, in this Letter, would have taken the trouble to look deeper than the Title-Page.

In entering into an Examination of Miss NOSSITER's Merit, I shall pursue a very different Method from what is commonly practised by the poor hackney Writers of the Times, who, for a paltry Pittance, are subject to the intolerable Slavery of flattering indiscriminately, against their Conscience, as the Avarice or Vanity of their arbitrary Paymasters shall direct. For what I shall advance, I shall set down my Reasons; and I desire, that no Man will depend upon my Authority; but that every Reader, who has the Liberty or Courage to think for himself, will first examine the Particulars of the Instances, I shall produce, and then judge of them from Observation and Nature.

That

That Miss NOSSITER is young and handsome, of a fine Stature and beautiful Person, expressive in her Looks, and graceful in her Deportment, younger Eyes than mine, I am sure, will more readily discover. These are Requisites, but not the only ones, necessary to the Accomplishment of the great Player : But my Design is, to take a more particular View of her Pretensions to that Character.

The Part of JULIET is the happiest calculated, of any I know, for a modest Proficient to launch forth in; as in the first Act she hath scarce any thing to say; which affords her some Breathing-time to recover the Confusion, into which her first Appearance, before so awful an Assembly, must naturally throw her. In the two Scenes, in which she first appears, it is enough that she looks young and innocent and pretty, which Miss NOSSITER, at all Times, does, without any Art of Simulation. Yet, even in these, she bespoke the Favour of the Audience. Her unaffected Fear, when she came on, was felt by every Heart. So fine a Girl, in such Distress, was an Object of real Pity; and the Eyes of every one about me, kept mine in Countenance, while they wept for her Confusion. And indeed, it was thought by many a very indiscreet, if not an ill-natured Action, in a supposed Rival, who cou'd not wish well to her Undertaking, to
plant

plant herself full against her, as if with an Intent by the superior Force of her Effrontery, to stare away the little degree of Courage she had left. But if this was a Fault, she was sufficiently punished for it at every Applause, which was almost at every Line. The Eyes of the Audience were directed full at her, to see how she could bear it; and, with all the Command she has over her Muscles, she was not able to conceal her Uneasiness. But the most aggravating Circumstance was, she had the Mortification of seeing that she *deserved* their loudest Acclamations.

There is one Circumstance, though a trifle, in which Nature hath been very kind to Miss NOSSITER, above all the other Actresses upon the Stage; and that is, she hath so fine a natural Bloom, that she is under no Necessity of wearing Paint. This I could soon discover; for at her first coming on, she grew pale as Cambrick, but, as she recovered, her Colour returned, beyond what Art could counterfeit. This is no small Assistance to her surprising Expression; for I observed several Times afterwards, her Colour came and went as the Passion required it.

The first of this young Lady's Excellencies consists in a Strength of Imagination beyond what is common; by the Force of which, she absolutely forgets herself, and is instantly transported into the Character she represents.

represents. The Effect this produces is, that she not only feels the Passions where they are strongly marked, but is also affected by every minute, instantaneous Change and Agitation of the Mind, and consequently is enabled to accompany every Idea of the Author, with some peculiar Tone, Look, and Action, which throws such an entertaining Variety into the Character, that though we had seen it an hundred Times, yet, as she performs it, it is absolutely new.

Another great Excellence of her's, proceeding from the same Principle, is, that she is never inattentive upon the Stage : She feels what others say, as much as what she speaks herself ; and often her Expression, upon such Occasions, has been as much admired, as when others have strained their Lungs, to extort injudicious Applause.

But above all, she surprised every one by the Elegance, the Grace, and the Justness of her Action. Her Attitudes, which are numerous and new, are all animated Pictures. It is astonishing to conceive how this young Creature could at one Step reach that masterly Ease and Correctness of Deportment, which the most accomplished Performers, I have ever seen, could hardly arrive at, after many Years Practice and Experience.

Thus far I thought necessary to premise in general, to avoid frequent Repetitions, as Examples of these several Beauties occur, almost in every Line of her acting.

It

It is not every one who has Leisure or Attention sufficient to consider these Matters, as minutely as I have done. Some People are often pleased with a Passage when they see it acted, yet they cannot tell why, but that they find it affects them ; others, though they are pleased with more Reason, often forget, in a multiplicity of Beauties, the Things they most admired in the Representation. The Design therefore of these Remarks is to direct the Judgment of the one, and assist the Memory of the other, by pointing out some of the most striking Beauties in Miss NOSSITER's *Juliet* ; I mean such as are quite new, and have been over-looked or neglected by other Performers.

In the favourite Scene of the Balcony, in the second Act, which contains perhaps the finest Introductory Love-Dialogue, that any Language can boast of, she appears at the Window, not as if she sat there only to take the Air ; her Deportment is such as ROMEO describes it ;

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her Eye discourses.

And so indeed it does ; for the Audience can discover, by her Looks and Gesture, the very Thoughts she soon afterwards expresses. Her whole Carriage discovers an Uneasiness of Soul,

Soul, and then she sighs, and with a peculiar Grace, as she breathes out her Passion, leans upon her Hand with such a natural Ease, that ROMEO's observation,

*See how she leans her Cheek upon her
Hand,*

seems an extempore Remark, dictated immediately by her Action; whereas I have seen one do it so, that it was visible the Action was intended because she foreknew that ROMEO must necessarily speak that Line. But these are Trifles.

She had not been long upon the Stage, before she gave us a Proof of her Understanding and Judgment in the Propriety of Speaking. We have been used to hear the following Passage marked in this Manner;

*What's in a Name? That which we
call a Rose*

*By any other Name would smell as
sweet.*

*So ROMEO would, were he not
ROMEO called*

*Retain that dear Perfection, which he
owes,*

Without that Title.

Which is as much as to say, according to this manner of speaking, if it conveys any
C Mean-

Meaning at all, that ROMEO would be a very agreeable Fellow, *were he not called ROMEO*; that is, *but that he is called ROMEO*: But, since it happens, that he is called so, it is impossible he can have any Perfection, even that which he is possessed of.

MISS NOSSITER speaks it thus ;

What's *in a Name* ?

(And by the very Tone of her Voice, shews how immaterial it is what any Man is called, but that we should judge of him from his intrinsic Worth)

— *That which we call a Rose*
By any other Name would smell as
sweet.
So ROMEO wou'd, were he not ROMEO
call'd,
Retain that dear Perfection, which he
owes,
Without that Title.

This is the very Sentiment which JULIET means to convey. He is himself, call him what Name you will. The Flower which we call a Rose would smell as sweet, if it were called a Poppy ; so ROMEO would still retain all his inherent Perfections, *though*
he

he were not called ROMEO, but went by any other Title.

Whenever any Passage is doubtful, it is no bad way to come at the true Manner of speaking it to transpose the Members of the Sentence, and to supply every Word, which in the Context, is only understood; or else to paraphrase the whole, and thereby you will discover the most operative Words, upon which the force of Emphasis shou'd be laid.

How sweetly did she vary these Lines?

*Fain wou'd I dwell on Form, fain,
fain deny
What I have spoke.—*

This with the utmost Diffidence and Modesty, from which she breaks into the most innocent familiar Tone, filled with Confidence and Love;

——But farewell Compliment.

Then the sweetest Tendernefs succeeds,

Dost thou love me?

And instantly, without affording any Time for a Reply, she goes on,

I know thou wilt say Ay;

And adds with the most winning Gentleness,

And I will believe thee.

Her Voice raises and fills with some Degree of Pleasantry, when she observes,

—— At Lover's Perjuries

They say Jove laughs——

Then breaking off, she begins the following Hemistic in a low, yet emphatic Tone, fill'd with the warmest Passion,

—— O gentle ROMEO,

Then with vast Earnestness raising her Voice,

*If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully,
Or, if you think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee
Nay.*

She pronounces the last Line with a forced Air of Distance and Dislike, but instantly her Look and Voice melt into bewitching Softness,

So thou wilt woo;——

Then lifting up her Voice again,

—— Else not for the World.

These

These are not common Touches ; none but a Heart truly susceptible of the most delicate Refinements of Nature, cou'd add such enchanting Force to Sentiments so very plain and simple. Hence it is that I look upon a good Player, as the best Commentator ; he calls forth latent Beauties from the Poet's Works, that a common Reader, tho' deeply learned, cou'd never have imagined ; and therefore to me a young Actress of Genius, appears of more Consequence to the Republic of Letters, than twenty such as Madam DACIER. Men might supply her Place and understand *Greek* as well as she ; but none but a female Critic can explain the Delicacy and Tenderneſs of a BELVIDERA, a MONIMIA, or a JULIET.

When JULIET has bid ROMEO Good-night, and returns again to the Window, with what Fear of being over-heard does she begin ?

Hist !—ROMEO, hist !—

And she convey'd such a pretty Simplicity and Fondness in these Lines, as charmed every Hearer ;

*—I wou'd have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's
Bird,*

That

*That lets it hop a little from her Hand,
And with a Silk-Thread plucks it back
again,
So loving, jealous of its Liberty.*

ROMEO's Answer to this is,

Wou'd I were thy Bird.

And a favourite Actor commonly speaks it
in this Manner,

Wou'd I were thy Bird ;

which plainly implies, that ROMEO was
already a Bird, but belonged to somebody
else, and now wished he were JULIET's
Bird.

In Justice to Mr. BARRY I must take
one Step out of my Way to observe, that he
has truly hit the Meaning of this Passage,

Wou'd I were thy Bird,

for, as there are two Wishes contained in
that little Sentence, first that he were a
Bird, and then that he belonged to JU-
LIET, Mr. BARRY is quite right in laying
two Emphases, otherwise it will carry
with it the gross Absurdity before taken
notice of.

In

In short, this whole Scene, tho' it was the first of any Consequence in which Miss NOSSITER ever appeared, was performed with so much Delicacy, Simplicity, Sweetness and Ease, as justly called the Veracity of the Play-Bills in Question, that it was the Performance of a young Lady, who never appeared upon any Stage before.

In the Scene where the Nurse returns from ROMEO, and with her tedious impertinence delays to deliver his Answer to her Message, the Impatience of JULIET was finely expressed.

First she soothes her to unfold it.

*Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me,
what says my Love?*

Then upon asking her an immaterial Question,

—— *Where's your Mother?*

She grows angry at her Delay;

*Where is my Mother? — Why she is
within,*

*Where should she be? — how oddly thou
repliest.*

But still her Anger is such as might be raised in the tender Breast of a JULIET,
scarce

scarce amounting to more, than a higher Degree of Impatience. And upon the Nurse's resenting her Warmth, she turns from her with Dissatisfaction,

Here's such a Coil!

But instantly her native Sweetness returns,

Come, what says ROMEO?

Nothing cou'd be acted with greater Propriety; every little Alteration in the Temper being clearly marked out and distinguished. And indeed it is in these Changes, making the whole body keep Pace with the Sentiments of the Soul, that the chief Excellence of Acting consists. There is not an Idea in a Sentence, that should not have its peculiar Look and Tone of Voice. What then shall we say to some, who speak twenty Lines in a String without the least Variation, when there cannot be produced in any Author four Lines together, that can, with Propriety, be spoken with a Sameness? Will any one call a Recitative of this kind, Acting? May we not say to one of this Class as *Julius Cæsar* did once to a Reader in the same Stile, *Do you speak, or do you sing? If you sing, you sing very badly.*

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEAR, who was the greatest Master of the Passions, generally heightens all his Distresses by some preceding Joy. Thus JULIET, before she is to receive the News of TIBALT'S Death and ROMEO'S Banishment, works up her Imagination to the highest Pitch of joyful Expectation of the Coming-on of Night, which is to bring ROMEO to her Arms. All which was finely expressed by Miss NOSSITER; she comes in with Fire,

*Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
To Phœbus' Mansion; such a Wagoner
As Phaëton, wou'd whip you to the West
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.*

Then in a lower Tone, still filled with the Thoughts of Joy,

*Spread thy close Curtain, Love-performing
Night,
That the Run-away's Eyes may wink;
and ROMEO,
Leap to these Arms,*

With what Rapture did she hug the Thought of ROMEO'S leaping to her Arms! But when she comes to,

— Untalk'd of and unseen,
D Lower-

Lowering her Voice to a Whisper, by her inimitable Action, she convey'd the Idea of a Lover stealing upon Tiptoe to his Mistress's Arms, afraid of being seen or heard.

What Eagerness and Joy does she express at the Sight of the Nurse?

—O here's my Nurse,
And she brings News; and ev'ry Tongue
that speaks
But ROMEO's Name, speaks heavenly
Eloquence.

But when the Nurse comes in wringing her Hands,

*Al welladay! he's dead! he's dead!
he's dead!*

Here you have a bold and sudden Change, for, supposing it was ROMEO that was dead, after her first Surprise, she cast up her Eyes to Heaven, as if to accuse Providence;

Can heaven be so envious!

But when she comes to this Line,

*O break, my Heart, poor Bankrupt,
break at once!*

you

you wou'd swear her Heart broke as she pronounced it ; and every Eye gushed out in Sympathy to her's.

From this Extremity of Sorrow, how finely does she change to a doubtful Uncertainty, mingled with Surprize ?

What Storm is this that blows so contrary ?

Is ROMEO slaughter'd and is TIBALT dead ?

When she is at length set right, and informed that TIBALT was slain by ROMEO, she first upbraids him for it ; but, tho' she can condemn him herself, she cannot bear to hear another join with her against him ; for when the Nurse says,

Shame come to ROMEO,

she starts from her Sorrow for her Cousin's Death, and, with a noble Spirit, such as a generous Mind wou'd exert in Defence of the Reputation of an absent Friend, she replies,

——Blister'd be thy Tongue

For such a Wish : He was not born to Shame ;

Upon his Brow, Shame is askam'd to sit.

And then, as if proud of her ROMEO, with
a Tone exulting above the Voice of Slander,
she proceeds,

*For 'tis a Throne, where honor may be
crown'd
Sole Monarch of the universal Earth.*

This is followed by another Change,

O what a Wretch was I to chide him so!

weeping with Vexation and Repentance,
to think that she cou'd be capable of entertaining
a Thought to his Disadvantage,
even for a Moment.

Then, how forcibly does she command
our Tears to flow, tho' her own disobey
her Orders?

*Back, foolish Tears, back to your native
Spring.*

And perhaps no Line was ever pronounced
with more true Harmony and Feeling than

Your tributary Drops belong to Woe.

But when she comes to consider why she
shou'd weep so,

*My Husband lives, that TIBALT wou'd
have slain,*

And

*And TIBALT's dead, that wou'd have
slain my Husband ;*

she speaks the next Line with inexpressible Propriety, as if all her Sorrows vanished at the Thought that ROMEO still survived ;

*All this is Comfort, wherefore weep I
then ?*

but instantly she changes to a dreadful Pause, with Horror, recollecting,

*Some Word there was, far worse than
TIBALT's Death,
That murder'd me.*

This was the Banishment of ROMEO, at which she works herself to the highest Pitch of Grief and Despair, that the Heart can feel or human Organs can express,

*TIBALT is dead, and ROMEO banished.
That banished, that one Word banished
Hath slain ten thousand TIBALTS. In
that Word*

*Is Father, Mother, TIBALT, ROMEO,
JULIET,
All slain, all dead !*

Hitherto

Hitherto she had shewn that she was a Mistress of Judgment, Feeling, and Expression; but here she convinced us, that she hath a Voice and Strength of Powers, sufficient to execute any Passage, that Poetry, wound up to the widest Extremity of Grief or Rage, cou'd possibly give a Loose to.— When she came to this, I cou'd not help speaking to her, within myself, in this Manner; “Young Lady, you now may “content yourself; your Work is done; “your Fears may cease.”

In the Morning Scene, after the stolen Consummation of their Nuptials, nothing cou'd be more delicate and sweet. She looks at him, as they come in Hand in Hand, with such an Excess of Fondness, that every Heart was melted at the Sight. Then leaning, with the most winning, familiar Innocence upon him, she throws so much tender Persuasion, into her Voice and Looks, that we sicken with Delight, too exquisite to bear.

*Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near
Day——*

and a little after,

*Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so
soon.*

Who

Who is there that wou'd not exclaim with
ROMEO?

*Let me be ta'en, let me be put to Death,
If thou wilt have it so, I am content.*

Her Fears and Grief at parting were also
finely expressed.

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

And her Exit, though she speaks nothing
as she goes off, a Circumstance very em-
barrassing to the Player, was remarkably
graceful and expressive.

Having convinced us that she can excel,
where others have been greatest, she comes
now to demonstrate that she can be great,
where others have been least affecting.

The Scene where the Mother and the
Father insist upon her marrying PARIS,
after she had been privately wedded to
ROMEO, has heretofore been looked upon
as of no Consequence, at least as to JULIET'S
Part. The Father here carried off the
Applause; for JULIET has seldom above
a Line or half a Line at a Time to speak,
and all put together they do not amount to
above a dozen Verses. A common Genius
therefore could make nothing of it; but
Miss NOSSITER's superior Address drew the
Attention of the Audience intirely upon
her,

her, while her Father was flying out in all the Extremity of Passion at the Thoughts of her Disobedience; and by her Manner of receiving and feeling what he says, she throws so much Distress, attended with so many judicious touches of Nature, into this Scene, that it is now become the most affecting in the Play.

When Lady CAPULET first explains her Errand,

—Early next Thursday

The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman

The County PARIS, at St. PETER'S Church,

Shall happily make thee a joyful Bride.

JULIET, starting at the sound, receives the Intelligence with Astonishment and Horror. This is natural to one in her Circumstances; therefore to hear it, with any Degree of Tranquillity, is an unpardonable Error.

But, when the Father takes her in hand, all is blown into a Storm. He will hear no Reason.

Thank me no thankings,

*But settle your fine Joints against
Thursday next,*

*To go with PARIS to St. Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.*

JULIET,

JULIET, with Tears streaming from her Eyes, throws herself for Mercy at his Feet, and, with the most supplicating Voice and Manner, implores him,

*Good Father, I beseech you on my Knees,
Hear me with Patience—but to speak
a Word;*

He throws her from him and replies,

*Hang thee young Baggage, disobedient
Wretch.*

*I tell thee what ; get thee to Church a
Thursday,*

Or never after look me in the Face.—

Here, by her Action, she is going to intreat him once more to hear her ; but he prevents her. You would swear it was her Cue to speak, till he stops her with,

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.

Every Word pierces to her Soul. She turns from him, with a Look that speaks, *it is in vain to try to move him* ; then almost fainting, she leans upon her Nurse, and in her Countenance, shews the strongest Picture of Despair and Grief ; and every now and then, while her Father addresses the

E

Remainder

Remainder of his Speech to his Wife, JULIET casts such Looks at him as cannot be withstood. Then bursting into Tears, sinks into the Bosom of her Nurse and is lost in Sorrow. At this he goes up to her, and, catching her by the Arm, she starts and seems frightened almost to Death at his paternal Authority, which she had ever looked upon with so much Awe; while in an angry magisterial Tone he tells her,

But if you will not wed, look to't, think on't;

*I do not use to jest—Thursday is near.
If you be mine, I'll give you to my Friend;
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die
i'th' Streets,*

For by my Soul I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.—— [Exit.

During this whole Speech, her Feeling rises with his Rage. The panting of her Breast quickens as his Words flow faster, till at the last he leaves her in the highest Agony of Despair and Grief. In short, her whole Deportment was great beyond all Description, and I do not remember ever to have seen meer dumb Expression work so strongly upon an Audience.

I have been the more particular in pointing out the Beauties of this Scene, as, in it, the great Actress is more discovered, than where there is much more Matter to work upon;

upon; and I think nothing but the most creative Genius could have wrought it up to such a Degree of Perfection.

As I take a Pleasure in giving Praise where ever it is due, a Passion I can but very seldom gratify, I must, in Justice, deliver my Opinion, that I think Mr. SPARKS played the last Scene as well as I could wish. And, particularly, his pulling her by the Hand, had something so spirited in it, as gave her an Opportunity of displaying her inimitable Expression, by one of the finest Looks that Nature could produce.

In this Extremity, she next applies to the Friar for his Advice and Assistance. There is something nobly spirited in her pronouncing these Words;

*Give me some present Counsel or behold,
'Twixt my Extremes and me, this bloody
Dagger
Shall play the Umpire.*

Upon which she raises up her Hand with a Resolution determined to destroy herself, had not the Friar stopped her.

Hold Daughter.

In which her Attitude is very fine.

Having then asked her if she would submit to an extraordinary Experiment, by counterfeiting Death to escape this Marriage,

riage, with the most collected Bravery she
answers,

*O bid me leap, rather than marry
PARIS,
From off the Battlements of yonder
Tower;
Or chain me to some steepy Mountain's
Top,
Where roaring Bears, and savage Lions
roam.*

Her Action here is very graceful and great.
It is hard to conceive how the Height of
the Tower, and the Mountain, cou'd be
differently expressed in Action; yet she does
it so, that we immediately look to where
she points, almost thinking they are within
our View.—Then sinking into Horror
she proceeds,

*Or shut me nightly in a Charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with Dead-men's rat-
tling Bones,
With reeky Shanks and yellow chapless
Skulls;
Or bid me go into a new made Grave
And hide me with a dead Man in his
Shroud;*

then

then raising her Voice, with the most confirm'd Resolution,

*And I will do it, without Fear or
Dread,*

*To live an unstain'd Wife to my sweet
Love.*

The last Line recalling the Idea of ROMEO to her Mind, she bursts out into Tears as she speaks it.

This too, was a Scene of little Regard before Miss NOSSITER gave it Force and Spirit; but she indeed hath the happy Power to make every Thing appear of Consequence in which she is concerned.

Hitherto, if she had charm'd us with Tendernefs or soften'd us with Sorrow, she comes now to shew us, that she can freeze us up with Horror, and again rouse us into Warmth, by Rage and Desperation.

The Scene in the fourth Act, where she takes the soporific Draught adminstred by the Friar, as it is the best in the Play, so was it played the best; and Miss NOSSITER, upon all Occasions, shews this superior Excellence, that she does most, where most ought to be done.

When she bids her Mother Good-night and is left alone, she repeats this Line,

Heav'n

Heav'n knows when we shall meet again!

with such a melancholy Feeling, as is a judicious Preparative, for the great Business she is soon to put in Execution. At first her Resolution almost fails.

*I have a faint, cold Fear thrills thro'
my Veins,
That almost freezes up the Heat of Life.*

She chills you as she speaks it. Then her Courage giving way to the first Emotions of her Fear, she runs to the Door, in the Manner of one who was afraid of being left alone, lest he shou'd see a Ghost.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

But as they are out of hearing, she hath Time to recollect herself; upon which she most emphatically observes,

*—Yet, what shou'd they do here?
My dismal Scene I needs must act alone.*

Here, with a solemn Composure suited to the Occasion, and a fixed Determination in her Looks, after a little Pause, she takes the Mixture from her Bosom, and speaks these Words with wonderful Importance;

Come Vial.

But

But here, here, you who delight in true Representations of Nature apply all your Attention; watch the sudden Changes of her Look, her Eye, her Voice, and every Part. Mark the Gradations of the Passions, from Doubt to Fear, from Fear to Horror, from Horror to Desperation, and from thence to Phrenzy, and you will see the greatest Acting that has been exhibited upon the Stage, by Man or Woman, since BETTERTON went off.

Looking with Earnestness at the Vial, a Doubt, at that Instant, starts in her Mind,

What if this Mixture do not work at all,

Shall I of Force be married to the Count?

For this she finds a present Remedy, and with a melancholy Smile answers herself,

No, no, this shall forbid it,

And, with a manly Spirit, draws out a Dagger, which she lays by her, in case she should have need of it.

This Point being settled, you see her collecting Determination and Strength, while she moves the Vial with a slow Solemnity to her Head, fixed in her Resolution to drink it; but just as it approached her Lips, she starts and draws it back, her Imagination having then formed a new
Fear;

Fear, that was before unthought of. The Effect of this was equal to its Merit; for it certainly is the greatest Stroke of Acting I ever saw, not only as it is a natural Surprise, but as it illustrates the Author's Meaning; and upon looking over the Passage, it seems so visibly intended by the sudden Transition of the Thought, that it is more wonderful it was never done before, than that a Person of her Age shou'd be the first to hit it off. Most of the Actions that are commonly called Strokes, are no more than Tricks, but this is Nature.

*What if it be a Poison that the Friar
Subtly hath administred to have me
dead?*

And then with a trembling Voice, she almost determines that it is so.

I fear it is.

But suddenly recollecting the Character of the Friar, she removes even this Apprehension,

*—And yet, methinks it shou'd not,
For he hath still been tried a holy Man.*

But

But her Thoughts being once set afloat upon the unsettled Tide of Imagination, they run adrift, and are wildly tossed about in a Storm of horrible Conceits.

*How, if when I am laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the Time that ROMEO
Comes to redeem me !*

With how much dreadful Consideration does she speak,

*There's a fearful Point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,
&c.*

Nothing can be greater than her Horror in describing the Terrors of the Tomb ; but when she comes to

*—Where, as they say,
At some Hours in the Night, Spirits
resort,*

with a hollow, dismal Tone, and Eyes fearfully turn'd about from Side to Side, she makes our Flesh creep, and we too look half around us in Dismay, as if there was some Apparition behind us, which we were afraid to see. Nothing was ever finer imagined or executed in a more masterly Manner.

Horror upon Horror still succeeds to
her troubled Fancy.

*Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous Fears,*

(her Voice still rising with her Imagination,
the very Thoughts of which begin to
distract her)

*And madly play with my Forefather's
Joints.*

Then with a wild Ferocity in her Looks,

*And pluck the mangled TIBALT from
his Shroud.*

The two next Lines are all Desperation,
Distraction and Phrenzy, rising gradually
to the very highest Exertion of her Voice,
and the utmost Effort of all her Powers.

*And, in this Rage, with some great
Kinsman Bone,
As with a Club, dash out my desprate
Brains.*

Her Action here is amazingly great, and
her Voice is equal to her Action; stamp-
ing with Rage, she flings her Arms about,
then strikes her Hands with all her Force
against

against her Forehead, as if to knock her Brains out ; and resting some time in a State almost of Stupefaction, as overcome with Madness, she pants for Breath, and seems recovering from her Delirium, when suddenly she starts again into the finest Attitude of Fear, and then exclaims,

O look !

(at which every Eye in the House follows the Direction of hers)

*Methinks I see my Cousin's Ghost
Seeking out ROMEO.—Stay TIBALT
stay !*

running forward, as if the Apparition, her own Fancy had raised, was flying from her ; but soon she recollects it is all imaginary ; and then with some Composure returns to her former Purpose.

*ROMEO, I come.—This do I drink to
thee.*

Then, with an awful Look, reflecting on what she had done, mix'd with some Degree of Horror, she sits upon the Bed, when suddenly her Voice begins to falter, her Looks grow wild and faint, and her Eyes swim in her Head.

*O potent Draught, thou'st chill'd me to
the Heart,
My Sense begins to fail, my Head turns
round!*

each Symptom being finely expressed by her Action and her Voice. At last she faints with,

O ROMEO, ROMEO!

The Sweetness with which she pronounces his Name, cannot be described; and we perceive the Sound of the last ROMEO, gradually lengthened out and dying away, as she falls senseless upon the Bed.

Once more I must stop to admire the Greatness of this Scene. Her Understanding of the several Gradations of the Passions, which I have endeavoured to point out, wou'd have been great in any; but in one of her Years, at her first setting out, is astonishing. The inimitable Changes of Expression in her Face, surpass the Power of the Pencil; and her Voice, in this frightful Scene, was filled with such a deep Solemnity of Horror, as still sounds dreadful in my Ear. My Expectations had been wound up as far as they cou'd stretch, yet here she surpassed my warmest Expectations.

How

How far she is able to melt us by the true Pathetic, will appear in the Tomb Scene, which is the most affecting in this, or, perhaps, any Play.

ROMEO seeing JULIET in the Tomb, drinks the Poison, and going to take a farewell Kiss of her dear Remains, she shews a Symptom of Life.

Soft!—soft!—she breathes and lives.

At which JULIET sits up, with a Look but half inform'd with Life.

Where am I? defend me Powers!

Yet still her Senses are not awake, and therefore Miss NOSSITER is quite right in not trembling or seeming frightened at the Tomb. The first Sign of Sensibility she discovers is,

Bless me, how cold it is!

then, with a Wildness in her Looks, she asks,

Who's there?

yet when ROMEO answers,

—Thy Husband,

It

*It is thy ROMEO, Love, rais'd from
Despair
To Joys unutterable.*

she does not know him, or seem to hear what he says. Nor, when he leads her from the Vault, are her Senses quite returned. Her Tottering and Reluctance were very finely done. Finding herself pulled forward, she knows not whither, or by whom, the first Thought that dawns upon her Soul is, that it is her Father, by Force, endeavouring to join her Hand to PARIS at the Altar ;

Why do ye force me so ? — I'll ne'er consent.

My Strength may fail me, but my Will's unmov'd.

then startling from his Hold, she stands with Hands stretched out, as if to keep off the Object she wou'd shun. But observe she does not tremble nor seem scared as if she saw a Ghost, as I have sometimes seen it done.

That JULIET does not yet know where she is or who is with her, and consequently shou'd not at all seem affected with the Horrors of the Place, appears from what ROMEO says immediately after.

Her

*Her Senses are unsettled — Restore 'em
Heav'n.*

And taking her with Rapture in his Arms,
'tis then she first begins to come slowly to
herself. Can you figure to your Imagina-
tion an Idea of *Pygmalion's* Statue, when it
first began to live ; so looked Miss NOSSI-
TER : Her Eyes began to see, her Features
brightened, as if newly informed by Senti-
ment. How sweetly does her Conscious-
ness return ?

*I know that Voice, its magic Sweetness
wakes*

*My transf'd Soul. — I now remember
well*

Each Circumstance.——

All is now cleared, she looks at ROMEO,
knows him, acknowledges him, and, with
a new-born Joy, flies and takes him in her
Arms. At this Instant ROMEO feels the
Operation of the Poison, which in his
Transport he had forgotten. Surprise,
Concern and Fear, are painted in her Looks.

Dost thou avoid me, ROMEO ?

You fright me——speak——

Here she first remembers where she is, and
begins to think on the Terrors of the Tomb.

——O let me hear some Voice
Besides my own, in this drear Vault of
Death,
Or I shall faint.——Support me——

Her Knees totter, her Voice falters, her
Looks are scared, and every Nerve is un-
braced with Fear.

But when ROMEO, sinking beneath her
Hand, as she leans upon him, says,

——Ob! I cannot.
I have no Strength, but want thy feeble
Aid.
Cruel Poison!

Starting at the Sound, Fear gives way to a
more powerful Passion, and with the utmost
Consternation in her Looks, she hastily re-
peats

Poison!

Yet she will not believe too much at first,
but kneeling by him, asks him,

What means my Lord?

And with Amazement, Tendernefs, and
Grief, expressed at once, goes on,

Thy trembling Voice!

Pale

[41]

*Pale Lips! and swimming Eye!——
Death's in thy Face.*

ROMEO then informs her that, believing she was dead, he had drank Poison, and came

*——To take a last
Last farewell, of my Love, and with thee
die.*

Never had a single Word so great an Effect as when, with the utmost Astonishment and Grief, she catches up the Word

Die !

Then with a Mixture of Indignation,

And was the Friar false?

ROMEO answers,

*——I know not that.
I thought thee dead, distracted at the
Sight,
(Fatal speed) drank Poison, &c.*

With Eyes turned up to Heaven, and bursting into Tears, she cries,

And did I wake for this?

G

Then

Then, overcome with too much Grief,

Oh my breaking Heart !

If there is a Man, who could hear her pronounce these two half Lines, and yet refrain from Tears, I would not own him for my Fellow-creature. Nothing, that is Human, could resist it.

When ROMEO begins to rave, and thinks he sees CAPULET and PARIS coming to force JULIET from him,

CAPULET *forbear*——PARIS *let go your Hold,*

Never was any Thing greater than her Looks; she makes you absolutely forget it is a Fiction, by one of the most natural Touches that can possibly be imagined; for, as he cries out, CAPULET *forbear*, she, at that Instant, does not know but that he actually sees something, and suddenly taking her Eyes off from him, she looks at the Point, to which his Sight was directed, then back at him again; then lifting up her Eyes and Hands to Heaven, you plainly see her *think* these Words, *good Heaven he's mad!* And in most places her Looks are so very striking, that any one may faithfully translate them into Language.

When

When he dies, over-powered by the last Extremity of Grief, she sinks upon his Body ; but when she hears the Friar come in, she starts up with a Wildness and Ferocity in her Looks, that nothing but Despair could teach her to put on, and suddenly demands

Who's there ?

Had I only heard and seen her speak these two, little, common Words, I would desire no more to pronounce she was a Genius.

Now she runs wild with Grief; her Looks are distracted ; and, imagining it was somebody come to take her ROMEO from her, she gripes the Body fast with both her Hands, like a Tygress, jealous of her Prey, and, turning back her Head to the Friar, the Object of her Fears, by this Contrast, presents the finest Picture of Grief and Despair, just growing into Phrenzy, that ever was exhibited in any Scene :

Here he is still and I will hold him fast.

Then bursting into Tears, she throws herself on ROMEO'S Body, and clasps him in her Arms, as she speaks the Line that follows:

They shall not tear him from me.

The Friar replies,

Patience, Lady.

Here, enraged that any one should talk of Patience, she starts up, and seeing it was the Friar whom she had not noted before, with the utmost Indignation she accosts him,

O cursed Friar,

And looks as if she said, *thou art the Cause of this.* Then raising her Voice, she recollects what he had said before,

Patience !

Talk'st thou of Patience,—

Then breaks off, and looking back at ROMEO, and bursting into Tears, finishes the Sentence

——To a Wretch like me.

The Friar pressing her to leave that dismal Place, she catches up ROMEO's Dagger, and with a spirited Resolution, presents it to his Breast, with menacing Fury in her Looks and Voice.

——Come thou not near me

*Or this Dagger shall quit my ROMEO's
Death.*

And

And when he tells her, *I dare no longer stay* ; with the utmost Scorn and Contempt for any one who could think of preserving Life when ROMEO was dead, she bids him,

Go get thee home—I will not away.

Being left alone, when she discovers the Phial, her Manner of speaking,

O Churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop

To help me after.—

Was very fine. Looking first at ROMEO and then at the Vial, and seeing there was none left, she weeps and says,

—I will kiss thy Lips,

Haply some Poison yet doth hang on them.

And she leans over him to kiss him, when hearing a Noise she starts up with these Words.

Noise again !

Then I'll be brief.

And vigorously grasping the Dagger, as she raises her Hand, she smiles upon the Point

Point, and, with a Joy that commanded
Tears from every Eye, pronounced,

O happy Dagger !

This is thy Sheath ;

at which she plunged it in her Breast. Nature shrunk backward at the Blow ; she felt it at her Heart : Afraid of drawing it out, she holds it in her Breast, then turning up her Eyes with dying Agony to Heaven, with faint and faltering Accent, speaks her last Words,

There rust, and let me die.

Then falling on ROMEO's Body, breathed her Soul away. The Thought of turning up her Eyes to Heaven, in the Act of dying, was as great as it is natural, and in that Attitude she presents you the finest Picture that Imagination can conceive ; a living Copy of the celebrated LUCRETIA of GUIDO, whom that great Master of Attitude and Grace, has painted dying exactly in that Manner, tho' his Expression is far inferior to hers : Yet I dare say Miss NOS-SITER never saw that Picture of GUIDO ; but the same Genius that instructed him, glows in her Bosom, and taught her to design so masterly a Figure. Others, before her, turn'd down their Eyes, and directed
their

their whole Attention to the Pain of the Wound ; a Littleness, that is beneath the Constancy and Resolution of a dying JULIET.

If we reflect that all this was performed by a young Girl of eighteen Years of Age, the very first Night of her Appearance on the Stage, when she was almost robbed of every Power, thro' Bashfulness and Fear, who will not join with me to encourage such great, such growing Merit, by early and rational Applause ?

Throughout the whole Part, she is an Original, and full of Variety. A Genius like hers cou'd not descend to copy any one, and it will not be an easy Task to find any that can copy her.

If there is any Man who doubts whether Miss NOSSITER has all the Excellence I have attributed to her, let him go see her one Night in this Character, and take with him these Remarks, and examine Line by Line if she does not act as I have described her. Nay, he will discover ten thousand little Graces, too curious for the Power of Description ; besides many great Strokes, that, in such a Blaze of Beauty I must have overlooked.

Then again, if any will be so unreasonable as to judge of her Merit, by comparing it with the Performance of any established Player, who has had time to ripen upon
the

the Stage, and mellow off a thousand little Faults that young Beginners naturally must have ; one, perhaps, whose Master-piece is this very Character, which she has played twenty times a Year, for seven Years together ; I say, if any will judge her by such an unequal Comparison, let him give the young Lady, even in this Trial, all the fair Play he can. Let him not raise an imaginary Phantom in his Mind, and having endowed it with every Excellence he can think of, call it by some favourite Name, and then set up this gay Creation of his own Fancy, in Opposition to the real Miss NOSSITER, who appears in Person : If she must be tried by the severe Test of Comparison, compare her to the living Original herself. Place them as near each other as you can. Go see Miss NOSSITER first ; observe her with Attention, in the several Passages I have before pointed out : Set all down strongly in your Memory. Then go see the other Actress in the same Character, as soon after as you possibly can (and the Manager, I hope, will give the Play once more to oblige the Town with such an Opportunity) : Then mark where they differ. And if the old one does not strike out many more Beauties from the Character, than Miss NOSSITER has done, then may she be thought a Person fit to succeed her in her best Characters :

ters: But if, on the other hand, Miss NOSSITER be found, to strike out, at once, twenty new Beauties, for every one the other can possibly display, then may she be allowed to have every Advantage, except those, which Time and Experience alone can teach her.

The Reader, I hope, will indulge me with this Opportunity of making an Observation or two upon the Play itself, as it is now altered and fitted for the Stage.

Nothing was ever better calculated to draw Tears from an Audience, than the last Scene, when it is happily performed. The Circumstance of JULIET's waking from her Trance, before ROMEO dies, and he, in the Excess and Rapture of his Joy, forgetting he had drank Poison,

*She speaks, she lives, and we shall still
be bless'd!*

is, perhaps, the finest Touch of Nature in any Tragedy, ancient or modern. But, as SHAKESPEAR wrote it, when JULIET revives she finds ROMEO dead, and discovers the Manner of his Death by the Vial; therefore that Passage shou'd now be left out; for, as ROMEO tells her himself that he had drank Poison, she is not under a Necessity of gathering the Fact from Circumstances; yet, as Miss NOSSITER speaks

H it,

it, I wou'd not wish it away. SHAKESPEAR's Conduct was not half so distressing as,

*Within Sight of Heaven,
To be plunged in Hell.*

It is very strange, therefore, that it has not been inquired into, who the Author was, that made so happy an Alteration. I have heard it attributed to one of the Players; and it passes current, that his Knowledge of the Stage enabled him to do it. But that we may not learn to set too small a Value on the tragic Genius, by imagining, that every little Smatterer can, with such Delicacy, touch the human Heart; know, none but that Genius, who comes next to SHAKESPEAR's self, cou'd draw so fine a Stroke. It was OTWAY altered it. Compare the Tomb-Scene in ROMEO and JULIET with that in CAIUS MARIUS, which is but another Alteration of the same Play, and there you will find this noble Incident, and the very Words of the whole Scene, with very little Alteration:

In running through this Play, the Reader, perhaps, will be surprized, that I have said so little, or rather nothing, of Mr. BARRY's Excellence. But his superior Merit in the Character of ROMEO, has been
so

so long established in the Opinion of every Judge of Simplicity and Nature, that it wou'd be as useless to him, to point out any of his Beauties, as it wou'd be needless to the Public, who have seen and felt them so many Times.

But we now owe new Praises and new Thanks to Mr. BARRY, for being instrumental in adding so considerably to our most rational Entertainment, by bringing Miss NOSSITER upon the Stage. If we may credit Report, it was he too that instructed her in the Part of JULIET, and many others in which she is ready to appear. If this be so, this single Instance is sufficient to prove his Taste and Judgment equal to his Execution. And, indeed, I have often laughed to hear People catch Folly from one another's Mouths, and put it chearfully about, that tho' Mr. BARRY was, on all hands, acknowledged to be the greatest *Tragedian* in *England*, yet he wanted Judgment; which is just as if one said, that a Man cou'd be a finished Painter, and yet have no Knowledge of his Art. To propagate this, a thousand little, busy Emissaries are sent about from Coffee-house to Coffee-house; but finding Miss NOSSITER's Success so strongly against them, they are at length reduced to confess, that indeed the Girl has a great natural Genius for the Stage, but how much better wou'd she

have been, if *the God of their Idolatry* had taught her? And what does all this do, but only put us in mind to ask these missionary Bigots, what great Instances of Judgment has their Infallible shewn, for some Years past, in the Plays or Players he has produced? The only one he never taught, is the only one that is likely to do any thing; so that in the Main, they but hurt the Person they intended to befriend. I have no Patience, when I hear Attorney's 'Prentices, Shoop-keeper's Boys, Merchant's Clerks, the Hangers-on of understrapping Players, the Ecchos of the Ecchos of an unknown Voice (which however is very well known) that dictates from behind, pretend to set up for Judgment in Matters, in which the most accurate Taste, in the liberal and imitative Arts, is absolutely required.

As I did not set out with an Intent to illustrate Mr. BARRY's Character, I shou'd not have honoured these knowing Gentlemen, with the least Degree of Notice, had they not been observed, of late, remarkably busy in striving to whisper away the Reputation, Miss NOSSITER has so justly acquired. I have detected some of them inventing Faults, she was never guilty of, and publicly laying them to her Charge. At the Head of this respectable Tribe is that Fellow, I forgot his Name,——he that
was

was some Years ago hissed off the Stage, as an execrable Actor, who afterwards turned Buffoon, then Pimp, and now, in a Fool's Coat, struts about that Coffee-house, from whence he had been kicked for his Impertinence ; and having writ a Farce or two that were damned, upon *their* Credit, sets up for a Wit. None but Men callous to all Shame, like him, would not blush to go about, and, with little Lies, attempt to crush growing Merit, in the Bud, But how much more contemptible, then they, must we appear, if we suffer our Judgment to be led astray by them ? For, to follow their Opinion, is acknowledging the Superiority of their Genius and Understanding.

But Miss NOSSITER's good Sense, I am certain, will excuse me for observing, that, notwithstanding all this, she must not look upon herself as perfect, nay, or as absolutely free from Faults ; for she hath many things that want to be corrected ; but they are such as she can easily amend and which a little Time will naturally wear off. I will not indulge the dull Rogues I have been speaking of, with pointing one of them out ; and they are too nice for their own clumsy Observation. But, when I shall have the Pleasure of kissing Miss NOSSITER's Hand (an Honour I shall very soon solicit) I will then whisper them in her own Ear, if I can possibly remember them.

And

And here I have one Favour to ask the common News-paper Writers, in which I am sure I shall be seconded by the Public, that, as Miss NOSSITER is a Gentlewoman very young and inexperienced in the World, one whom Genius, and not Necessity, impelled to go upon the Stage, that they will treat her with a little more Delicacy (if they can) than others have been mentioned in their Papers; lest, as she is not yet grown callous to Censure, though undeserved, any little, insipid Abuse, at this Time, might throw a Damp upon her Spirits, and rob the Town of Part of its finest Entertainment. And, particularly, I know it would be taken very well if the acting Manager at the other House would order the Writer of his Paper *never to mention her Name at all*. And this, I hope, he will the readier come into, as he can gain no Point by not doing so; for, as every one now knows that he pays a Salary for writing that Paper (a Discovery first made by the ill-plac'd Flattery of the Author) any Abuse thrown out against her, would certainly be disregarded. But what I am most afraid of is, that the Author, from the Effect of his former Papers, having learned a little Experience, may go more cunningly to work, and slyly affect to commend her, which might be the Means indeed of knocking her up, at once, in the Esteem of the Public; therefore, it
would

would be cruel to permit it. So that I must again renew my Petition, that he will absolutely forbid the Author of the CRAFTSMAN, or the GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, to mention the Name of Miss NOSSITER at all; and I make this Request over and over again to the Manager, as it is well known these Papers are as absolutely under his Direction, as the Play Bills: And indeed it is a Charity to place this Circumstance in a clear Light before the Public, that they may be no longer abused, by so contemptible a Writer, who had not the Art to wear the Mask, even for a Week, after he was retained. What a cruel Thing is it in him to endeavour to hurt poor People in their Bread, I mean the under Actors at *Covent-Garden* Theatre, who do not aspire to be thought eminent, but are content with bare Subsistence on the Stage: such People are necessary; but if they are rendered odious or contemptible in the Eyes of the Town, they must be turned off and starve, and their Places filled up with others no better than themselves. To what Purpose then is it to write against such poor People? And what Rank must he bear, as a Critic in Literature, who could descend to such a Piece of useless Inhumanity; or, what Regard should we pay to the Opinion of a Man who has been mean enough to flatter all the Underlings at one House, and yet has had the Impudence to abuse all that are excellent in the other?

I shall detain the Reader no longer than to say, that if I have been warmer in the Praise of Miss NOSSITER, in some Places, than, in strict Justice, she deserves, I shall never be ashamed of owning a Partiality for a young Lady; who, the first Night of her Appearance, has given such astonishing Proofs of her Abilities and Genius; for I am confident, she will one Day become such an Ornament to the Stage, that I shall be proud to own myself the first who publicly displayed her Merit: And, at present I will take upon me to affirm, what I believe no Man will be hardy enough to contest, that it is the greatest, *real*, first Attempt made by Man or Woman on the Stage, within these forty Years.

F I N I S



